

Phantoms

Kylesa

Oak trees at night are hiding places for those who
can't sleep
Writing in parking lots with nothing to buy
Empty stores and overgrown grass
Picture postcard of America
Raindrops look like spider webs by the street lamp
tonight

I can remember no farther back than this
I contrived to purge my mind
No farther back than this I thought of looking for the
key
No farther back than this - For a door with no lock
No farther back than this

In this sunlight, night rolls through my eyes
I saw a sea of flames and smoke in the sky
They don't hear me; they are phantoms
Hallucinations without number
They don't hear me; they are phantoms
Nightmare and sleep in a nest of flames
Night becomes invisible - invisibly clear

Running in circles over and over again

Inspiration is is hard to find when everything feels
wrong
Countless hours speed by - mostly wasted and few
remembered
Every action is a consequence
Drop out and believe
Constant puzzles to fill the void
There really aren't any answers
Just endless riddles
Dreams and sub conscience haunt
Knowing something you can't awake
Same old shit another day